

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 48.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23 1896.

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Commission Merchant,
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THE WEEKLY is printed on Tues-

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young, and even of other members of a

family, has now been recognized by THE SEMI-
WEEKLY TRIBUNE in the publication of a

colored supplement of 16 pages, with each

Friday's paper. If not gratified in a proper

A Clever

..... Play

HERE, I have the

satisfaction of knowing what it

is all about, and of appearing dig-

nified and firm at the same time!

Mr. Stanton

chuckled to him-

self as he held a

sealed envelope to the light critically.

"I told him I should return his let-

ters unopened, and there this one goes

for all the world as if I hadn't an idea

of what it contains."

And with another pleased little

giggle at his own sharpness, Mr. Stanton

placed the letter addressed to "Luke

Stanton, Esq., Grand Hotel, Great

Startmouth," into another envelope and

readdressed it to "Adrian Stanton, Esq.,

Turner Studios, Ruskin Road, Kensing-

ton." Then he rang the bell delivered

it to the waiter to be put into the Lon-

don postbag; after which he walked to

the bay window and stood looking out

upon the calm sea and the long expanse

of yellow sand.

Great Startmouth is not a fashion-

able seaside resort; indeed, it is chiefly

frequented by convalescent dyspeptics,

Anglo-Indians with sallow complexions

and short tempers, and other invalids.

Luke Stanton had come there partly

on account of his health, partly be-

cause he held shares in the new hotel

and other schemes for making Great

Startmouth a little less funeral and a

little more profitable. But, greatly as

the financier was generally occupied

with his companies and his schemes,

at the present moment he was thinking

of neither, as he stood gazing blankly out

on the beach, his hands thrust deep in

his pockets, jingling the loose coins

and keys therein.

Mr. Stanton was busy repeating to

himself the contents of the letter he

had just sent back. Adrian Stanton

was his only son, who, by all the laws

of heredity and advisability, should

have been his right hand. Alas, for

the crookedness of this world!

Young Stanton had flatly declared to

his father some three or four days pre-

viously, that he hated the city, that he

could not calculate the commonest sum

of simple interest, and that he would

never understand the intricacies of the

stock exchange—that in short, he de-

tested business, and meant to devote

himself to art! Luke stormed and

raved, but had ended by giving in, and,

in spite of his affected indifference and

contempt, had been not a little pleased

when, last year, the hanging committee

of Burlington House had accepted a

small canvass signed "Adrian Stanton."

True, it had been so bungled that it was

impossible to see it without a dislo-

cated neck, but that detail the old man

conscientiously ignored. So far, so

good. Luke Stanton was almost re-

conciliated to his art, and was rather given

to talking about "my son's studio,"

when all at once the whole fabric top-

pled with the news that he was engaged

to be married. It was unexpected, but

not especially disastrous until the

fatal truth was disclosed—he, Luke

Stanton, the great city man, heavy

alike of purse and reputation,

was expected to welcome as his daugh-

ter-in-law a model! There was a scene

—all the scope of paternal indignation

and filial ingratitude were pulled out

to their fullest, and it ended in Adrian

walking out of his house.

He made several further attempts to

see his father and bring him to a more

amiable frame of mind, but ineffectual-

ly, and as he had, in spite of threats

to stop his allowance, to cut him out of

his will, Adrian Stanton took to him-

self the gift of his choice and duly in-

formed his father of the fact.

It was then that the family solicitor,

at Luke's dictation, indited the young

man that a letter, informing him that

his father desired to hold no further

communication with him, and that any

letter addressed to his father from Ad-

rian would be returned unopened.

This had happened six months ago,

and Mr. Stanton invariably acted as he

had done now—opened the letters over

a steaming bowl of water, read them,

refastened them and sent them back.

He was just now ruminating on the

last episode. It was in the same strain

as usual; Adrian asked for no money,

was able to support his wife by his

business, modestly enough, still sufficient-

ly, but he wanted his father to recog-

nize her, to know her—he wanted re-

cognition.

"And don't be wish he may get it! I

recognize the hussy? Never! Oh! he

can support her, can he? So much the

better, for he won't get any help from

me, now or at any other time. I know

what it is—he's afraid I'll marry

again!"

And then Luke Stanton fell into a

reverie. After all, why not? Many

men did marry after 60, and—and—

He looked at his watch hurriedly—a

quarter to 4; then his eyes eagerly scanned

the stretch of beach.

"She'll be getting back directly," he

thought, and catching up his hat went

to deposit himself along the parade.

Presently he hastened his step a little

as a slight figure in a muslin gown flut-

tered into view at the far end of the

parade.

"Oh, Mr. Stanton! You quite start-

led me! How delightful to meet you!"

She was a dainty little person, with

a genuine complexion, big blue eyes,

and the most puzzling and bewitching

hair, which seemed to run the whole

gamut of tints from brown to gold as

the sunbeams played on it. She looked

up into the old gentleman's face with

the most confiding expression.

"Isn't provoking? There is absolute-

ly no news."

"Really, I'm delighted—I mean, he

corrected himself hurriedly, "it is most

extraordinary."

"Isn't it? I came down here a week

ago to meet my aunt and uncle, as we

had arranged before they went abroad,

and to my amazement, found no one

here."

"Yes, Yes," he put in, soothingly. "It

was very trying. Poor little girl. Poor

child!"

"I should have gone straight back to

London if it hadn't been for you, Mr.

Stanton. You have been more than

kind to me."

"Not at all, my dear young lady. I

was touched at the loneliness of your

position, anxious to be of service to—

to so charming a girl."

She shot him a grateful glance.

"But think I really must go home

now. I went to Cardiff, as you sug-

gested, thinking that some letter might

be waiting me at the post office, but,

as I tell you, there was nothing. I can-

not tell what has happened to my

friends. I feel I must go back to Lon-

don to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Mr. Stanton stopped

aghast and looked down at her. "You

mean to leave?"

"You mean to leave Startmouth?"

"Yes."

"I—at least you will allow me to

see you safe to London—to your friends.

Oh! I forgot, my poor child, you are an

orphan. But at any rate you will let

me take you back to the people with

whom you are staying?"

"Oh, no!" she said, hurriedly. "I

could not think of giving you so much

trouble."

"Trouble! If it were not that it

means losing you at the end I should

